

P O E M S,

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W. S O T H E B Y, ESQ.

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P O E M S:

CONSISTING OF

A TOUR THROUGH PARTS OF NORTH AND SOUTH WALES,

SONNETS, ODES,

AND

AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

BY

W. SOTHEY, Esq.

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A T O U R

THROUGH PARTS OF

SOUTH and NORTH WALES,

IN TWO BOOKS.

A. T. O. R.

1880

OUT H. AND FOR THE

IN TWO BOOKS

A T O U R
THROUGH PARTS OF
SOUTH and NORTH WALES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

C O N T E N T S.

INTRODUCTION.—Encomium on the Beauties of English Landscape.
—Description of the Valley, Mountains, and Views round *Abergavenny*.—
Scenery, and Reflections on the Road to *Caerfily*.—The Castle.—The
Vale leading to the *Pont-y-prid*.—The Bridge.—*Ewenny* Priory.—The
Fairies.—The Fall of *Melincourt*.—*Caraig-cennin*—its Cave.—The Vale
of *Towy*.



THE FOUR PARTS OF
SOUTH AND NORTH WALES
A T O U R

THROUGH PARTS OF WALES

BOOK THE FIRST.

W. The pilgrim's road, with no reluctant lip,
At the command made vocal, far from thee
While my lone feet o'er Cambria roam the hills
Seeking the way, selected flowers wear,
An offering for the goddess I adore,
—Hail, thou art Nature's child,
Be thou the chapel's sacred for her shrine.

As



A T O U R
THROUGH PARTS OF WALES.

BOOK THE FIRST.

MARIA! for thy simple ear I seize
The pastoral reed, with no reluctant lip
At thy command, made vocal. Far from thee
While my lone feet o'er *Cambria* roam, the Muse
Soothing the way, selected flow'rets wreaths,
An offering for the goddess I adore,
Nature:---*Maria*! thou art Nature's child;
Be thine the chaplet gather'd for her shrine.

C

As

As in my lonely pilgrimage succeeds
 Each sylvan view, mild, or of grace severe,
 That charms with loveliest interchange, I hail
 Thee, *Albion!* favour'd isle. Sublimely rise,
 Tow'ring o'er bleak *Helvetia*, rocks on rocks;
 Through the deep vales, in wide expansion, rush
 Impetuous streams; and from the mountain brow
 Dashes the foaming torrent: O'er thy skies,
Ausonia! funs, without a cloud, diffuse
 Rich tints of glowing lustre; and the wreck
 Of times remote, fanes and triumphal arcs
 Strew thy historic ground; yet not the less,
Albion! o'er thee profusely Nature show's
 Her gifts; with livelier verdure decks thy soil,
 With every mingled charm of hill and dale,
 Mountain and mead, hoar cliff, and forest wide;
 And thine the ruins, where rapt genius broods
 In pensive haunts romantic: rifted tow'rs
 That beetling o'er the rock, rear the grey crest

Embattled

Embattled, and within the secret glade
Conceal'd the abbey's ivy-mantled pile.

Here while I wake the reed, beneath the brow
Of the rent Norman tow'r that overhangs
The lucid *Uske*, th' enamour'd eye pursues
Along th' expanse the undulating line
That Nature loves. Whether with gentle bend
She slopes the vale, or lifts the gradual hill;
Winds the free rivulet, or down the bank
Spreads the wild woods luxuriant growth, or breaks
With interrupting heights the even bound
Of the outstretch'd horizon. Far and wide
Black'ning the plain beneath, proud *Blorench* low'rs,
Behind whose level length the Western sun
Dips his slope beam: there the opposed Mount
Eastern of craggy *Skirid*, sacred* soil,

* The Fissures in this mountain are supposed, by the superstition of the Roman Catholics, to have been caused by the convulsion of nature on the Crucifixion.

Oft trod by pilgrim foot. O'er the smooth swell
 Of *Derry* glide the clouds, that 'gath'ring hang
 Round yon steep brow* amid the varied scene
 Tow'ring aloft. As gradual up the height,
 Of the rough hills ascending, *Ceres* leads
 The patient step of labour, the wide heaths,
 Where once the nibbling flock scant herbage cropt,
 Wave in the breeze, with golden harvest crown'd.

How various winds the way, changing the view!
 In the clear springs that o'er the pebbled road
 Glide to the fretted brook that brawls beneath,
 The Zephyr wets his wing, and sportive shakes
 Drops of refreshing coolness through the air.

As from the fir-clad brow ling'ring I turn,
 Ere the lov'd view recedes, to bid the spires
 At distance gleaming o'er *Uiske's* hidden vale

* The *Pen-y-vale*, commonly from its shape called the *Sugar-Loaf*.

A last farewell, the mingled melodies
 From bleating mead, swift rill, and vocal wood,
 By breath of gentle winds flow wafted, come
 In sweet confusion to the charmed ear.
 Now the soft murmurs, faint and fainter heard,
 Die, while in contrast harsh from yon lone isle,
 Loudly, with ceaseless revolution whirl'd,
 Bursts the cogg'd wheel, and on the anvil blows,
 Falling at measur'd intervals, and oft
 More mark'd by casual interruptions, fling
 Heavily forth their weight of sound. Soft falls
 Upon the dewy earth descending eve,
 And onward as I wander, wavering mists
 Shadow the face of Nature, and diffuse
 The blue thin veil, that half concealing adds
 To the dim scene imaginary charms.

'Tis now the time, when from the narrow world
 Withdrawn, and its close fett'ring cares, the mind,

D

Swift

Swift as a prisoner from long bondage scap'd,
 Exulting in its liberty, at will
 Arrays its wild creation; yet the bard
 That roams at eventide, through pathless woods,
 His secret way, shapes not ideal scenes
 More suited to the pensive range of thought,
 Than yonder Castle,* 'mid the ruins vast
 Lifting its hoary brow. The mellow tints
 That time's flow pencil lays from year to year
 Upon the ancient tow'rs, spread o'er the wreck
 A grateful gloom, and the thick clouds that sweep
 Along the darken'd battlements, extend
 The melancholy grandeur of the scene.
 Hail, solemn wreck! Thou silent hour, belov'd
 Of fancy, hail! and thou, that o'er yon hill,
 Mild orb, flow rising, with soft radiance gleam'st
 Upon the Castle, while each varied shape
 Of turret, and nich'd battlement that fronts

* Caerfily Castle.

The light's full stream, its shadowy image casts
 On the retiring walls. As all unseen
 I lie reclin'd beneath the hanging tow'r,
 That o'er its base projects, doubtful in act
 To fall; the stately pile; yon graceful hall,
 "Suited for Seers and Seneschals," enchant
 The raptur'd spirit: Bold in all the pride
 Of feudal strength the castle tow'rs, around
 Ring the loud trumpets, and the crowded field
 Shouts, while in long procession rang'd, fair dames,
 Heralds, and steel-clad knights, and plumed steeds,
 Move on in chivalry's emblazon'd pomp.

Soft was the breath of Eve, and soft the beam
 Of the mild Moon, that gleaming on the wreck
 Silver'd the Castle's crest: Grateful the hour,
 Whose noiseless wings accompanied her course,
 Hallow'd of fancy; yet the musing mind,
 Oft mid the pensive pleasures that attend

The

The close of day, with many a mournful thought
 Opprest, sad dwells on life's swift passing scene,
 And dreams of bliss delusive; but reviv'd
 From balmy rest, when at the peep of dawn
 The traveller bounds with active spirits light
 O'er the fresh meads that round his path diffuse
 Fragrance, gay Hope attunes her fairy voice
 Delightful, and the heart responsive beats
 To the sweet cadence of her syren song.
 Thus light at early dawn my footsteps haste
 Along the pathway stealing to the vale,
 Where, from his mountain source, impetuous, *Taaffe*
 Flings the prone flood: Now the inclosing hills
 Advance their brows, now bending back display
 The sunny lawns, here bare of foliage, here
 Darken'd with woods, that feath'ring fringe the brink
 Of the swift river, where the lofty bridge*

* The *Pont-y-priid*, or the *New Bridge*, of one arch of stone, erected in 1750, by
William Edwards, a common mason of *Glamorganshire*; it is a segment of a circle, the
 chord 140 feet in breadth, the height 34.

Bursts on the sight amid the lowly glen,
 Like some stupendous work the pilgrim views
 Wond'ring, o'er *Balbeck's* waste, or desert soil
 Of *Palmyrene*. Great architect! illum'd
 By nature's light, thy daring genius scorn'd
 An imitated grace: No sculptur'd form,
 Triton, or Nereid, or wrought River-god,
 With meretricious ornament disturb
 The simple grandeur of thy bold design.
 Impatient of its bondage, twice the flood
 Rush'd o'er the ruin'd bridge; again thy hand
 Th' indignant torrent yok'd, and rear'd the work
 Triumphant, that amid the waves shall stand
 Secure, while time, by genius turn'd aside,
 Shall spare (long may he spare!) th' unrival'd arch.

Still as the temper sways, the traveller haunts
 Congenial scenes. While in the murky cells
 Of old *Ewenney*, superstition's slave

E

Starts

Starts at the thunder of his lonely tread
 Echoed along the vaults, and horrid shapes
 Flash on his wilder'd eye; mournful I seek
 The desert spot in village records mark'd,
 Where oft the Fairies in fantastic dance
 Circled the moonlight green. Ye gentle sprites!
 Sweet visitants, who watchful o'er the rest
 Of infant sleep, wav'd from your blissful wands
 Enchanting visions: Ye, in youthful days,
 Who led my willing steps from the pure fount
 Of *Castaly*, and woods of *Greece* ador'd,
 By fawn and dryad trod, to lift the song
 Breath'd by the native genius of the isle,
 Sweet Fays! o'er your forsaken shrine I heave
 A farewell sigh, as this memorial lay
 Guides the lone stranger 'mid the dreary waste.

By the rent arch, that o'er yon billowy heap
 Of sand, sad tow'rs, the melancholy wreck

Of

Of old *Fitzhammon's* glory, where the brook
 With slow pace winds along the matted weeds,
 Three springs into a narrow circle pour
 Their bubbling rills; the current once renown'd
 Lur'd to the hallow'd fount the village swains:
 Three fairies on the verdant margin sat,
 And kindly mingled in the sufferer's cup
 The drops of health: The tender bud of spring
 There earliest bloom'd, and autumn's ling'ring flow'r
 There shed its latest sweets, while many a wreath
 Hung votive o'er the consecrated fane:
 Now nettles and rude thistles thicken round,
 And not a wild flow'r peeps along the waste.
 Much musing on the dreams that charm'd my youth,
 Far from *Neath's* mart tumultuous, and the scenes
 Where nature mourns, while from the molten ore
 Sulphureous blasts, that dim the noon-day sun,
 Load the infected gale, lur'd by the fall
 Of the far flood, through pathless glens I roam,

Where

Where *Melincourt's* loud echoing crags resound.
 Not bolder views *Salvator's* pencil dash'd
 In *Alpine* wilds romantic. Far descry'd
 Through the deep windings of the gloomy way,
 The hoar *Cledaugh*, swoln by autumnal storms,
 Down the precipitous rock's declivity
 Curves the hurl'd cataract, and on the stones
 Rent from th' o'er-hanging mass prone rushing, flings
 The shiver'd spray around. Here could I muse
 The livelong day, and wand'ring down the dell,
 Along the grassy margin trace the stream
 Meand'ring; now confin'd from crag to crag,
 Where bursts the headlong flood, or widely spread
 Mid the broad channel, where th' undimpled wave
 Bathing the wild flow'rs-bending o'er the brink
 Glides silent by; and ever and anon
 As gently, borne by interrupted gales,
 Murmur'd the distant torrent, would I catch
 The sounds that echo from her secret cave

Responsive

Responsive breath'd. Vain the fond wish! Rent clouds
 Drench the chill limbs, and the rack'd temples throb,
 Pain'd with the raging torrent's ceaseless roar.
 Reluctantly with ling'ring step I leave
 Thy haunts, wild *Melincourt*! but memory long
 Shall dwell upon thy charms, and long shall rush,
Cledaugh, thy water-fall on fancy's ear.

Bold on the summit of the mountain brow
 Frowns many a hoary tow'r, where *Cambria*'s chiefs
 Waving the banner'd dragon dar'd to arms
 The Norman host. Breathing his native strains,
 There the descendant of the British bards,
Hoel, or lofty *Talieffin*, oft
 At the dim twilight hour in pensive mood,
 Amid the silent hall o'ergrown with bryars,
 Recalls the festivals of old, when blaz'd
 The giant oak, and chieftains crown'd with mead
 The sculptur'd horn, while the high vaulted roof
 Re-echo'd to the honour'd minstrel's harp.

O'er yonder crag, steep, lonely, wild, impends
 The ruin'd fortress, * like th' aerial shape
 Of battlement or broken citadel,
 That when at eve autumnal gales arise,
 Crowns the grey fleeces of the floating clouds.
 Stranger! beneath yon town a vaulted path
 Down the steep mountain leads, with flaming torch
 Amid the windings of the cliff descend,
 Where, in its deep recess, the hollow'd rock
 Catches the gather'd damps, that drop by drop
 Fall through the porous stone. Gilt by the blaze,
 The radiant cave, the dews that gem the roof
 Shedding around from long pellucid points
 The mimic diamonds, veins of sparry ore,
 That glittering down the arches' crystal sides
 Their interlacing fret-work weave, renew
 The visionary scenes to childhood dear,

* Carraigcennin, the remains of a British fortress.

Of subterranean palaces, the haunts
 Of Genii brooding o'er their secret wealth.
 Fantastic dreams! delight of Eastern bards,
Perfic, or those of *Araby*! Oh haste,
 Fly the enchanting fount! nor stoop to cool
 Thy languid lip with the enticing draught
 Of the chill wave; the unsun'd spring, more fell
 Than cup Circean, shall infect thy blood:
 Go where the gale with odoriferous breath,
 Blows o'er the flow'rs that bloom on *Toury's* banks.
 Where shall I guide thy foot, where fix thy gaze,
 That wanders lost along the lengthening meads?
 Not lovelier that muse-haunted vale renown'd
Theffalian Tempe. O'er the sunny lawns
 The scatter'd groves of graceful foliage bloom,
 Mingling with sweet variety: The hills
 Sink softly melting to the plain beneath,
 Lost gradual in its level, as the stream
 That glides into the bosom of the sea;

High

High low'r the wilder steeps, darken'd with oaks
 Majestic, as bold nature unconfin'd
 Spreads in his forest range; and at the base
 Of yon wood-waving cliff, where the proud wreck
 Of ancient *Dinevawr* sublimely lifts
 Its ivied battlements, swift *Towy* winds
 Voluminous, in many a lucid fold
 Wildly meand'ring; while beyond arise
 The verdant heights that guard the shelter'd vale,
 And fade away, dim'd by the distant clouds.



High low'r the wilder fleeps, darken'd with oaks

Majestic, as bold nature unconfin'd

Spreads in his forest range; and at the base

Of yon wood-waving cliff, where the proud wreck

Of ancient Dromedary, in timely fits

Its ivied battlements, twist Towy winds

Voluminous, in many a lucid fold

Wildly meandering, ~~THROUGH PARTS OF~~ ^{THROUGH PARTS OF} the hills

The verdant heights that guard the shelter'd vale

And fade away, dim'd by the distant clouds

SOUTH and NORTH WALES.

BOOK THE SECOND.

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A T O U R
THROUGH PARTS OF
SOUTH and NORTH WALES.

CONTENTS OF THE SECOND BOOK.

MILFORD HAVEN.—Prison at *Haverfordwest*.—Encomium on Mr. *Howard*.
—Description of the Country leading to *St. David's*.—The Cathedral.—
The Maniac.—*Pont-aberglaslyn*.—*Snowdon*.—*Carnarvan*.—*Mona*.—Con-
clusion.

A T O U

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CONTENTS OF THE BOOK

—Description of the County leading to the River—
—The River—How originating—across—
—The River—How originating—across—
—The River—How originating—across—



A T O U R
THROUGH PARTS OF WALES.

B O O K II.

IF life were but a transient dream, and man,
With active pow'rs endued, might unarraign'd
"Lose and neglect the creeping hours," how pleas'd
The bard, by *Shakespear's* lay pathetic lull'd,
On *Milford's* flow'ry bank, in sweet neglect
Would lose the summer days! Lone as I wind
Along the flood's smooth margin, on the soul
A mild and soothing melancholy steals,

H

While

While memory saddens o'er thy tender plaint,
 Meek *Phoen*! and the sweet dirge that mourn'd
 Thy loss, melodious as the dove at night
 Mourning her absent mate. Thee, to the shores
 Of this unnotic'd stream, a nobler aim
 Than barren sighs to heave o'er fancied woe
 Impell'd, oh, virtuous HOWARD! on thou went'st
 To yon dark fortress,* by compassion led
 To wipe the tear that meek repentance pour'd,
 Pining in silence, or with angel hand
 Touching the flinty bed of guilt, to still
 The writhings of despair. From fields of blood,
 And the wild havoc of ambition, fame
 Has turn'd aside, and wond'ring at her course,
 Pursued thy noiseless path, while tyrants quak'd
 Before thee: To their awe-struck soul, thy step
 Seem'd as of one commission'd from above,
 To make just inquisition upon earth;

* An old castle at *Haverfordwest*, converted into a prison.

But in the prison to the child of woe
 Thou cam'st like pity veil'd in human form,
 Healing the heartfelt wound; at thy approach,
 Tears other than of grief were seen to flow,
 At thy approach the fetters' torturing weight
 Dropt; purer breath of genial air dispell'd
 The spotted plague, and through the cells of death
 Burst the new day.

Alas! thy earthly toil
 Is finish'd. Now, even now, from *Cherson*, groans
 Of deep regret by the embattled hosts
 Re-echoed, Turk and Christian, foes no more,
 While o'er thy tomb, thou patriot of the world!
 They mix their common sorrows, strike the shore
 Of Britain. Go! receive the prize on high
 Destin'd for virtue! While thy country rears
 Aloft thy sculptur'd tomb, and o'er the world
 Her tuneful bards proclaim thy praise, beyond
 The power of magic numbers, and the peal

Of

Of fame the spirits of the good record
 To list'ning heav'n thy deeds in secret done
 That smite not earth's dull ear; and mercy bears
 Up to the throne of God the silent pray'r
 Breath'd from the grateful heart.

O thou who seek'st
 Yon rude coast's verge extreme that o'er the flood
 Projects its craggy brow, cautious explore
 The solitary path; no print appears
 Of human step, save where thy stranger mein
 Scares the shy wildness of the lonely child,
 Who with her lean flock creeps for warmth beneath
 The wither'd hedge. She knows not to direct
 Thy doubtful way, alone the narrow bound
 Of her rude range she knows, nor dreams of worlds
 Beyond the limits of the barren waste.

O'er mournful solitudes, o'er desert heaths,
 Where not a wild tree waves its leafy shade,
 Chill'd by the desolating blast that sweeps

With

With whirlwind wings athwart the stony beach
 Of *Neivegal*, when sad and faint thou droop'st
 At yon sequester'd shrine,* away with dreams
 Of this world and its pleasures! loudly roars
 The billowy sea, and the bleak winds that rush
 Through the rent arches of the aisle, invade
 The stillness of the awful fane, where once
 The lonely Monk heard but the dropping bead
 That clos'd his orison, save when the shriek
 Of the wreck'd sailor dash'd against the rocks
 Burst on the vigils of his midnight hour.
 Yet these lone wastes, this horror-breathing gloom,
 And the wide scene of desolation, suit
 The tenor of my soul, while sad I join
 The maids and village swains, who annual meet—
Lucy!—to scatter o'er thy funeral sod
 Fresh flowers: I knew thee in thy happier days,

* The Cathedral of *St. David's*.

Ere melancholy love had wrought thee woe.
 Oh! if the muse had taught my lip to breathe
 Those sounds which hang upon the ear of time,
 That magic melody which makes the past
 Present, reanimates the dead, and gives
 To immortality; thee, hapless maid!
 Thee from oblivion, my memorial note
 Of pity should preserve. His country forc'd
 Her lover from her arms; in foreign lands
 The foldier fell; but *Lucy* liv'd, if that
 May life be deem'd, when madd'ning o'er its grief
 Broods dark despair. Yet a mild beam of peace
 Gleam'd transient on her soul, when unrestrain'd,
 Amid the lov'd retreats where *William* dwelt,
 Frequent she linger'd. Oft on *Teivy's* banks
 At early dawn the lonely angler met
 Poor *Lucy*, wreathing mid her locks fresh flow'rs;
 And at the dusky close of eve, again
 On the same spot, from her dishevel'd hair

Scatt'ring

Scatt'ring the faded blossoms in the stream:
 There long she roam'd, and time had gradual shed
 A lenient balm upon her closing wounds,
 When mid the merry crowd who yearly throng'd
 The village feast, the wand'rer chanc'd to stray
 Unmindful of her woe, where his rude strain
 An old blind minstrel sung, simple the tale,
 Of a lone maid who on a sea-beat cliff
 Wept o'er her lover's loss; artless the tune,
 Yet it fell wond'rous forceful on the heart:
 Swift rushing through the crowd, ' 'tis mine, 'tis mine,
 'To sing her woe,' the raving *Lucy* cried,
 And in deep notes of frenzy pour'd aloud
 Her bleeding miseries. From that sad hour
 No more, poor Maid! mid *Teivy's* sweeter scenes
 Lay thy rude path; but oft wert thou beheld
 Lone bending o'er the crag in deep despair,
 While wint'ry storms from old *Cilgarran* drove
 To the dark flood the shiver'd fragment; oft

On

On *Aberystwith's* solitary tow'r
 To watch all mournful by the midnight lamp,
 That flings its blaze along the troubled sea;
 Or by the perilous bridge that overhangs
 The black abyfs, climbing the slippery crags
 Worn by the cataract; thy daily food
 The mountain berry, and thy bed at night
 The cave, white with the foam of *Monach's* flood:
 There floating down the stream thy breathless corse
 The wand'ring shepherd found. Beneath this turf
 At length thy sorrows rest. Poor Maid, farewell!

Fled are the fairy views of hill and dale;
 Sublimely thron'd on the steep mountain brow
 Stern Nature frowns; her desolating rage
 Driving the whirlwind, or swollen flood, or blast
 Of fiery air imprison'd, from their base
 Has wildly hurl'd th' uplifted rocks around
 The gloomy pass, where *Aberglassyn's* arch

Yawns

Yawns o'er the torrent. The disjointed crags
 O'er the steep precipice in fragments vast
 Impending, to th' astonish'd mind recall
 The fabled horrors by demoniac force
 Of *Lapland* wizards wrought; who borne upon
 The whirlwind's wing, what time the vext sea dash'd
 Against *Norwegia's* cliffs, to solid mass
 Turn'd the swollen billows, and th' o'erhanging waves
 Fix'd ere they fell. With rapture wild I gaze
 On the rude grandeur of the mountain view,
 And as a pilgrim, penance hard enjoin'd,
 O'er dreary climes with many a wearied step
 Far wand'ring, when he first descries aloft
 The holy cross upon the distant hill,
Carmel, or *Sion*, with impassion'd lip
 Blesses the spot: thus ardent I behold,
 Rais'd o'er the rocky scenery sublime,
 Thee, *Snowdon*! king of *Cambrian* mountain hail!
 With many a lengthen'd pause my ling'ring feet

Follow th' experienc'd guide; a Veteran maim'd
 With glorious wounds, that late on *Calpe's* height
 Bled in his country's cause; though time has mark'd
 With graceful touch his silver hair, yet health,
 The child of temperance, has fix'd the rose
 Of youth upon his cheek; keen beams his eye
 Beneath his hoary brow, and firm his foot
 Springs upon the steepness of the rough ascent,
 Proud of his native land the Veteran points
 To every mountain, wood, and winding stream,
 That by tradition sacred made records
 His great forefathers' deeds: for not deriv'd
 Of simple lineage the brave warrior boasts
 Hereditary blood of British chiefs,
Cadwallader or *Roderic's* ancient stem.
 Tremendous *Snowdon*! while I gradual climb
 Thy craggy heights, tho' intermingled clouds
 Various of wa'try grey, and fable hue,
 Obscure th' uncertain prospect, from thy brow

His

His wildest views the mountain genius flings,
 Now high and swift flits the thin rack along,
 Skirted with rainbow dyes, now deep below
 (While the fierce sun strikes the illumined top)
 Slow fails the gloomy storm, and all beneath,
 By vaporous exhalation hid, lies lost
 In darkness; save at once where drifted mists,
 Cut by strong gusts of eddying winds, expose
 The transitory scenes. Here broken cliffs
 Caught at long intervals, anon a sea
 Of liquid light, dark woods, and cities gay
 With gleaming spires, brown moors, and verdant vales,
 In swift succession rush upon the sight.
 Now swift on either side the gather'd clouds,
 As by a sudden touch of magic, wide
 Recede, and the fair face of heaven and earth
 Appears. Amid the vast horizon's stretch,
 In restless gaze the eye of wonder darts
 O'er th' expanse; mountains on mountains pil'd,

And

And winding bays, and promontories huge,
 Lakes and meand'ring rivers, from their source,
 Trac'd to the distant ocean: scatter'd isles
 Dark rising from the watery waste, and seas
 Dividing kingdoms, and *Ierne* crown'd
 By *Wicklowe's* lofty range. Thou who aspir'st
 To imitate the soft aërial hue,
 Flung o'er the living scenes of chaste *Lorraine*;
 Here, when the breath of autumn blows along
 The blue serene, gaze on th' harmonious glow
 Wide spread around, when not a cloud disturbs
 The mellow light, that with a golden tint
 Gleams through the grey veil of thin haze, diffus'd
 In trembling undulation o'er the scenes.

Ye that o'er *Menai's* darken'd wave impend
 Majestic battlements! Thou tow'r sublime,
 From whose broad brows the slender turret springs
 Light as the plumage from the warriors helm,

The pensive bard, of *Edward's* martial fame
 Regardless, from your splendid ruin turns
 Aside to mourn o'er sad *Llewellyn's* fate.
 Heroic Prince ! when o'er *Caernarvon* wav'd
 The crimson flag of conquest, mid the pomp
 Of festal sports when yon proud castle rung
 To *Edward's* triumph, thy insulted head,
 Gaze of vile crouds, stood on *Augusta's* tow'r
 With ivy wreath and silver diadem
 Adorn'd, in mockery of *Brutus* old
 And *Merlin's* mystic verse.

O yet again,
 Thou lov'd companion of my devious way,
 Muse ! deign with sounds of higher praise to swell
 The reed, as wrapt in fearful awe I haste
 To consecrated *Mona*. While the moon
 Cast through the veil of clouds a sickly ray,
 While solitude and midnight silence reign,

L

Mid

Mid rocky circles, the rais'd *Carnedd's* pile,
 And the vast *Cromlech's* bulk, my lonely steps
 Trace superstition's haunt: though mute the voice
 Of Druid, nor an oak now rear aloft
 Its head, beneath whose gloom the white-rob'd priest
 Hymn'd his fierce gods, and with infernal rites
 Pour'd forth the sacrifice of human blood
 At dread *Andraste's* fane; yet sudden heard,
 To viewless harps aerial murmurs found,
 Mourning the desolated shrines. The place
 Is holy, inspiration, breathes around;
 Visions* of old flash wild on fancy's eye:
 Mid armed ranks to desperation wrought
 The bards invoking vengeance from above
 Lift their clasp'd hands to heaven, and thunder forth

* This is a faint attempt to imitate the masterly description of the invasion of *Mona*,
 by *Tacitus*. The admirers of *Carabacus* will recollect, towards the conclusion of that
 drama, an imitation of the above passage, equally spirited as judicious.

Deep execrations on the foe; at once
 With sudden light flash the wide caverns; glad
 Like furies, with dishevel'd tresses loose,
 Yelling in rage the frantic matrons toss
 Athwart the gloom their sparkling brands: appall'd
 The Roman warrior shudders as a child
 Defenceless: Lo! th' avenging eagle sails
 Along the lurid air, and fires the groves
 Of *Mona*, while expiring on their shrines,
 The Druids to th' infernal gods devote
 The foe, and die triumphant. Cease the lay,
 With *Mona* cease. And now beneath the cliff
 That flings its shadow o'er the *Mengi's* flood,
 Upon this Druid Sepulchre I hang
 My reed; and oh! if ought its varied notes
 Have not unaptly breath'd, of ruder strain,
 Or softer sound, as changeful nature claim'd;
 If those of gentle soul, and simple taste,
 Whose friendship in my peaceful walk of life

Has

Has flung unfading flow'rs; if chiefly thou,
Maria! with delight attend the song,
Blest be my reed, and blest the tuneful hours
When my lone foot o'er distant *Cambria* roam'd.



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M

S O N I T S

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SONNET I.

ON THE SHIPS SAILING FOR BOTANY-BAY.

FRESH o'er the wave the winds that fav'ring blow
 Fill the swoln sails. Genius of *Albion*, say
 Why yon swift vessel cleaves the wat'ry way?
 Is it to hurl thy vengeance on the foe;
 To plunge 'mid untried seas th' adventurous prow;
 Or to new isles where nature's children stray,
 Arts yet untaught, and fruits unknown convey?
 Alas, for Britain! fraught with guilt and woe,
 Groans the o'erburden'd ship. The farewell sound
 Rings mournfully. Father of Mercy, hear!
 Chastis'd by labour, when the exiles earn
 By their brows' sweat their bread, oh! may the tear
 Of penitence drop on the soil, and turn
 To blessing thy dread curse that smote the ground.

SONNET II.

A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

“ A H, happy child! when hanging o’er thy sleep
 “ A mother fondly bends, watching the while
 “ Upon thy glowing cheek the dimpled smile
 “ Soft playing, as the breeze that fans the deep
 “ In the mild summer noon: Oh! may this sigh,
 “ That will have way, not rudely smite thine ear;
 “ Nor dropping on thy placid brow this tear
 “ Wake thee: at sight of grief, thou know’st not why,
 “ Poor babe! thy sympathizing tear might flow:
 “ Sleep on, nor taste before thy time the woe
 “ That racks me, fearful of thy future doom.
 “ How bright thy dawn of life! ah, may thy eve
 “ Set thus, unclouded by misfortune’s gloom!
 “ Sleep then in peace, nor hear the sigh I heave.”

SONNET

SONNET III.

THE SUICIDE.

SAD daughter of distress! who in the bloom
 Of beauty, bow'd with misery and woe,
 In the dark grave art laid untimely low,
 Rest! life's bleak storm is past, though by the doom
 Of ruthless man, beneath unholy ground,
 Thy corse amid the beaten pathway cast,
 Lies where the wild birch quivers in the blast;
 Yet soft descending through the stony mound,
 The dew of heaven shall bathe thy clay-cold breast;
 Yet shall thy suff'rings, scorn'd on earth, atone,
 Where mercy dwells on high, for life's sad close;
 And pity musing oft at eve alone,
 On the green sod where grief and pain repose,
 Shall soothe with hymns of peace thy soul to rest.

SONNET

SONNET IV.

THE FIRE-SIDE.

LET others hail the youthful year, when springs
 Loveliest on hill and dale the blooming flow'r;
 Or wand'ring where deep woods the path embow'r,
 View the warm tints that autumn gradual flings
 Upon the foliage of the quiv'ring trees:
 Me, nor on hill and dale the flow'rs that blow,
 Nor woods in autumn tints that warmly glow,
 So charm, as Winter, when the bitter breeze
 Mournfully howls along the barren plain;
 And falls the flaky snow, and pelting rain
 Beats hard the roof: then friends, long absent, crowd
 Around my social hearth; now ling'ring keep
 Vigils o'er plaintive tales that banish sleep;
 Now join in Christmas mirth with laughter loud.

SONNET

SONNET V.

THE WINTER'S MORN.

ARTIST unseen! that dipt in frozen dew
 Haft on the glitt'ring glass thy pencil laid,
 Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
 Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!
 Thy tow'rs and palaces of diamond hue,
 Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
 And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,
 That liquid pearl distil;—thy scenes renew,
 Whate'er old bards, or later fictions feign,
 Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
 Where *Nereids* roof with spar the amber cave;
 Or bow'rs of blifs, where sport the fairy train;
 Who frequent by the moonlight wand'rer seen,
 Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

SONNET VI.

ON DESCENDING INTO A MINE.

SWART Demon of the mine! oft wont to ride
 Upon the wings of death, within the womb
 Of earth invifible; or through the gloom
 Of thy dank* cell in fiery vapour glide;
 Or, like the Fates,† with reftlefs labour guide
 The venom'd thread of the destructive loom,‡
 Weaving the web of deftiny;—the doom
 That now hangs o'er me tremulous, turn afide!

* The fix'd air.

† The inflammable air.

‡ In the higheft part of the roof of large drifts which branch out from the mine or main workings, fomething round is often feen hanging, about the bignefs of a foot-ball, covered with a fkin of the thicknefs and colour of a cobweb: this, if broken by any accident, immediately difperfes itfelf, and fuffocates the miners.

PRYCE'S MINERALOGIA, p. 192.

For

For not impell'd by avarice, I explore

The haunts, where brooding o'er thy mineral birth,

Thou gem'st the sparry vein with lucid ray:

Me nature leads beneath thy cavern's hoar

Not wond'rous more, on ocean, air, and earth,

Than in thy secret subterraneous way.



SONNET

SONNET VII.

VORTIGERN'S VALLEY.

TO this deep hollow, hid from human view,
Where the bare cliffs, with loftiest mountains
crown'd,

In their rude range the dreary glen surround,
From Britain's throne base *Vortigern* withdrew.

Oft flung on the steep rock in mad despair,
In every sail that flutter'd near the coast
Viewing the streamer of the Saxon host,
From his ag'd head he rudely rent the hair,
And to the cavern fled. In every star

That on the mountain shot its meteor ray,
He view'd their beacon flashing from afar.

The livid corse stretch'd on yon summit lay,
When heav'n's avenging thunder smote his head,
And fierce 'mid ravings wild the ling'ring spirit fled.

SONNET

SONNET VIII.

A FANCY SKETCH.

I Knew a gentle Maid: I ne'er shall view
 Her like again: and yet the vulgar eye
 Might pass the charms I trac'd, regardless by;
 For pale her cheek, unmark'd with roseate hue;
 Nor beam'd from her mild eye a dazzling glance;
 Nor flash'd her nameless graces on the sight;
 Yet beauty never woke such pure delight.

Fine was her form, as *Dian's* in the dance;
 Her voice was musick, in her silence dwelt
 Expression, every look instinct with thought:
 Though oft her mind by youth to rapture wrought,
 Struck forth wild wit, and fancies ever new,
 The lightest touch of woe her soul would melt:
 And on her lips, when gleam'd a ling'ring smile,
 Pity's warm tear gush'd down her cheek the while:
 Thy like, thou gentle Maid! I ne'er shall view.

SONNET IX.

ON THE PRIORY IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

VARIED thy views of cliff, and gleaming spire,
 Verdant thy turf, thy banks with flow'rets bloom,
 And wide thy groves o'ershade with grateful gloom
 The sunny slope; yet fain would I retire
 -Far from the scene! for as the lawn I tread,
 Yon mark,* by the wild billows lash'd around,
 Tow'rs, where at once the brave without a wound
 Untimely perish'd. Loud, with screamings dread,
 The sea-mews flutter round the naked mast,
 And the lone bittern wailing to the blast,
 Shrieks like the death cry. In each ruder wave
 That bursts upon the cliff, the groan I hear
 Of horror, when 'mid friends that could not save,
 Hopeless they sunk within the wat'ry bier.

* The masts of the Royal George.

SONNET X.

RHINEFIELD.*

RHINEFIELD! as through thy solitude I rove,
 Now lost amid the deep wood's gloomy night,
 Doubtful I trace a ray of glimmering light;
 Now where some antique oak, itself a grove,
 Spreads its broad umbrage o'er the sunny glade,
 Stretch'd on its mossy roots, at early dawn,
 While o'er the furze with light-bound leaps the fawn,
 I count the herd that crop the dewy blade:
 Frequent at eve list to the hum profound,
 That all around upon the chill breeze floats,
 Broke by the lonely keeper's wild strange notes,
 At distance follow'd by the browsing deer;
 Or the bewilder'd stranger's plaintive sound,
 That dies in less'ning murmurs on the ear.

* A lodge in the New Forest.

SONNET

SONNET XI.

ON CASTLE DINAS BRAN.

WHEN rising flow from *Deva's* wizard stream,
 The blue mists borne on the autumnal gale,
 Cloud the deep windings of *Lilangollen's* vale,
 And the high cliff glows with day's latest gleam;
Dinas, while on thy brow in pensive dream
 Reclin'd, no sounds of earth my ear assail,
 I bid the ancient chiefs of *Britain* hail.

Spirits! who oft beneath the nightly beam
 Strike the boss'd shield, or blow the martial horn;
 Or mournful on the castle's wreck forlorn,
 Sigh to the sorrows of the Druid's lyre:
 O let me join the visionary choir!
 That I may hear the tales of former times,
 And drink with ear devout the bard's historic rhymes.

SONNET

SONNET XII.

SKIRID, A HILL NEAR ABERGAVENNY.

SKIRID! remembrance thy lov'd scene renews;
 Fancy, yet ling'ring on thy shaggy brow,
 Beholds around the lengthen'd landscape glow,
 Which charm'd, when late the day-beams' parting hues
 Purpled the distant cliff. The crystal stream
 Of *Uſke* bright winds the verdant meads among;
 The dark heights low'r with wild woods overhung;
 Pale on the grey tow'r falls the twilight gleam;
 And frequent I recall the sudden breeze,
 Which, as the sun shot up his last pale flame,
 Shook every light leaf shivering on the trees;
 Then bath'd in dew, meek evening silent came,
 While the low wind, that faint and fainter fell,
 Soft murmur'd to the dying day—Farewell.

SONNET XII.

ON CROSSING THE ANGLESEY STREIGHT TO BANGOR,
AT MIDNIGHT.

'T WAS night, when from the Druid's gloomy cave,
Where I had wander'd, tranc'd in thought, alone,
'Mid *Cromlech's* and the *Garnedd's* funeral stone,
Pensive and slow I fought the *Menai's* wave:
Lull'd by the scene, a soothing stillness laid
Each pang to rest. O'er *Snowdon's* cloudless brow
The moon that full orb'd rose, with peaceful glow
Beam'd on the rocks; with many a star array'd
Glitter'd the broad blue sky; from shore to shore
O'er the smooth current stream'd a silver light,
Save where along the flood, the lonely height
Of rocky *Penmeanmaur* deep darkness spread;
And all was silence, save the ceaseless roar
Of *Conway* bursting on the ocean's bed.

SONNET

S O N N E T XIV.

FAREWELL TO BEVIS MOUNT.

MARY! ere yet with ling'ring step we leave
 These bow'rs, the haunt of peace, where many
 a year

Has o'er us past delightful; if a tear
 Stray down my cheek, not for myself I grieve.

Here thou hadst fondly hop'd 'till life's last eve
 To rest. On yonder bank the flow'rs appear,
 Nurs'd by thy culture; there thy woodbines rear

Their tendrils. Thou! ah Thou, unseen, may'st heave
 A sigh, what time we bid these groves farewell;

Yet in thy breast resides a soothing power

That sheds the sweet, not found in herb or flow'r.

Oh, Mary! what to us where doom'd to dwell?

Enough, that peace and thou can never part,

Belov'd of me the spot where'er thou art.

ODES.

100-100000

O D E S.

R

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OUR TO CLYDE

THEY HAVE BEEN



O D E

τ ο

C L Y D A.*

I.

NAÏD, receive my votive wreath!
The woodbine's interwoven locks
That hid their clustering growth thy cliffs beneath;
Fresh gather'd from the gelid cave
The moss that drops the crystal of thy wave;

* A mountain torrent, near *Abergavenny*, which winding along a stony channel, among steep hills, in many parts luxuriantly covered to the water's brink with wild trees and underwood, is precipitated into various waterfalls, from the interruption of vast masses of rock that cross the current in all directions.

S

With

With the dry lychen's shoot that grew
 Upon the steep side of thy pendant rocks;
 And now I blend with closest care,
 While the preft fragrance floats in air,
 The wild thyme's tender flow'r,
 That from the bee's light feathers fell
 A feed within thy grassy cell,
 What time the restless wand'rer flew,
 Winding his plaintive hum along thy nightly bow'r.

II.

Clyda, when late the grey-eyed dawn
 Gleam'd on the dewy lawn,
 And all the distant hills around,
 With the blue mist's wreath'd volumes crown'd,
 Flung forth their incense to the God of day,
 For thy wild haunts I left my wonted way,
 Where oft with frequent pause I toil'd to climb
 The mountain brow sublime,
 Hanging

Hanging with giddy rapture o'er the view,
As gradual from the world the veil of night withdrew.

III.

Now while the sounds that down thy water move,

With lengthen'd swell of melody repeat

The music of the grove;

Not with rude steps my pilgrim feet

Shall rouse the clamours of thy mountain's hoar;

Nor shall these hands I bend to take

The icy stream my thirst to slake,

Profane thy miny treasure's secret seat,

And draw from its dark bed the unfun'd ore.

IV.

I come not worn with hopeless grief

To pillow on thy rocks my lonely head,

Nor by pale melancholy led

To seek in dreary wilds a sad relief;

But

But here to muse unseen within the cave,
 Dim'd by the broad oak's depth of shade,
 Whose twisted roots beneath the flood display'd,
 Are turn'd to living stone:
 From the bold arch sublimely thrown
 In cluster'd columns the bright spar depends,
 And noiseless 'mid the eddies of the wave
 Slow down their lengthen'd points the ling'ring drop
 descends.

V.

Hid in the lap of solitude,
 In secret glens and caverns rude,
 Where'er the lone enthusiast bends
 A visionary world attends,
 And airy shapes advance, and airy voices found.
 But oh, how blest! if aught of ancient worth
 Shed inspiration round,
 To slumber on the hallow'd earth,

While

While Fancy waves her pictur'd wings on high,
And forms of ancient days flash on the tranced eye.

VI.

Though wild trees tremble o'er yon tow'r
Of old where Gothic banners hung,
And peace has scatter'd many a flow'r
On the rent walls in ruins flung,
Bright pageants of the poet's dream,
Prompting the high heroic theme,
Swarm round the castle's shiver'd head,
That beetling o'er the cliff a fragment lies;
Aloft th' ærial battlements arise,
And on the gleaming rocks the steel-clad warriors tread.

VII.

Not such at haunted eve,
Poor shepherd of the dale!
The visions that thy wilder'd fight deceive,
When wing'd with fear thy footstep hies

T

Along

Along yon craggy brow,
Where the bridge* trembles o'er the gulph below;
Amid the foamy tides
That burst through the dark mountain's riven fides,
Thou view'st the shapeless spectre rise,
While shrieks of loud lament and horror load the gale.

VIII.

Spirit! who from thy wat'ry grave
Sad wander'st through the gloomy cave,
That erst re-echoed to thy yell,
When hurl'd from yon impending height,
The deep flood, as thy bleeding body fell,
Mournfully founded on the ear of night,
Break not death's deep repose—
Hence! in my breast no passion glows,

* The most remarkable fall, both for its height and romantic beauty, rushes through a cavity of the rock into a pool call'd the *Pult-y-Comb*, or the *Dog's Pool*, from a tradition, that the body of a woman who had been seduced, murdered, and afterwards flung into the river from a bridge that directly impends over the pool, had been there discovered by her dog.

Save such whose temp'rate pow'r refin'd
 Unites in golden chains the mind,
 Form'd by the hand of chaste connubial love.

Naïd! receive my votive wreath!

The pure delights that in my bosom move,
 Rise from the thoughts thy haunts inspiring breathe.

Nymph! with regret I leave thy soothing cell,
Glyda, to virtue dear, dear to the muse—farewell!





NETLEY ABBEY.

MIDNIGHT.

I.

SOFT on the wave the oars at distance sound,
The night-breeze sighing through the leafy spray,
With gentle whisper murmurs all around,
Breathes on the placid sea, and dies away.
As sleeps the Moon upon her cloudless height,
And the swollen spring-tide heaves beneath the light,
Slow lingering on the solitary shore

U

Along

Along the dewy path my steps I bend,
 Lonely to yon forsaken fane descend,
 To muse on youth's wild dreams amid the ruins hoar.

II.

Within the shelter'd center of the aisle,
 Beneath the ash whose growth romantic spreads
 Its foliage trembling o'er the funeral pile,
 And all around a deeper darkness sheds;
 While through yon arch, where the thick ivy twines,
 Bright on the silver'd tow'r the moon-beam shines,
 And the grey cloyster's roofless length illumines,
 Upon the mossy stone I lie reclin'd,
 And to a visionary world resign'd,
 Call the pale spectres forth from the forgotten tombs.

III.

Spirits! the desolated wreck that haunt,
 Who frequent by the village maiden seen,

When

When sudden shouts at eve the wanderer daunt,
 And shapeless shadows sweep along the green;
 And ye, in midnight horrors heard to yell
 Round the destroyer of the holy cell,
 With interdictions dread of boding sound;
 Who, when he prowld the rifled walls among,
 Prone on his brow* the massy fragment flung;---
 Come from your viewless caves, and tread this hallow'd
 ground!

IV.

How oft, when homeward forc'd, at day's dim close,
 In youth, as bending back I mournful stood
 Fix'd on the fav'rite spot, where first arose
 The pointed ruin peeping o'er the wood;
 Methought I heard upon the passing wind
 Melodious sounds in solemn chorus join'd,

* This alludes to a circumstance recorded in *Grose's Antiquities*, and still believed in the neighbourhood.

Echoing

Echoing the chaunted vesper's peaceful note,
 Oft through the veil of night's descending cloud,
 Saw gleaming far the visionary croud
 Down the deep vaulted aisle in long procession float.

V.

But now; no more the gleaming forms appear,
 Within their graves at rest the fathers sleep;
 And not a sound comes to the wistful ear,
 Save the low murmur of the tranquil deep:
 Or from the grass that in luxuriant pride
 Waves o'er yon eastern window's sculptur'd side,
 The dew-drops bursting on the fretted stone:
 While faintly from the distant coppice heard,
 The music of the melancholy bird
 Trills to the silent heav'n a sweetly-plaintive moan.

VI.

Farewell, delightful dreams, that charm'd my youth!
 Farewell th' ærial note, the shadowy train!

Now

Now while this shrine inspires sublimer truth,

While cloyster'd echo breathes a solemn strain,
In the deep stillness of the midnight hour,
Wisdom shall curb wild fancy's magic pow'r,

And as with life's gay dawn th' illusions cease,
Though from the heart steal forth a sigh profound;
Here Resignation o'er its secret wound

Shall pour the lenient balm that sooths the soul to
peace.



A
L E T T E R

O N

P H Y S I O G N O M Y.

L E T T E R

U N I O N

“ Δίκη γὰρ οὐκ ἔνεστ’ ἐν ὀφθαλμοῖς βροτῶν,

“ Ὅστις πρὶν ἀνδρὸς σπλάγχνον ἐκμαθεῖν σαφῶς,

“ Στυγῆ δειδορκῶς, οὐδὲν ἡδικήμενος.”



EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

O Thou, whose voice the willing muse obeys,
Whose taste illumines, and whose counsel sways,
While drawn by thee from Fancy's flight I toil
Slowly on Reason's unpoetic soil,
Deign to receive the graver truths among
Some flow'rs ungather'd by the sons of song!

Lo! where in gentle slumbers hush'd to rest
The babe lies pillow'd on the mother's breast;

Say,

Say, can the sage with just precision trace
 The dawn of genius beaming on the face;
 Yet immature the future powers behold,
 As in th' aurelia's veil the wing of gold?
 No, ere the thoughts collected and combin'd
 Have shed their early seeds upon the mind,
 To the dull form attention turns in vain,
 Blank is the volume of the infant's brain:
 What though the embryo, ere produc'd to light,
 Thrill'd with faint pain, and glow'd with soft delight,
 Yet these no certain signature impart
 To character the mind, or mark the heart;
 Gently they breathe upon the face and die,
 Nor leave a lasting image for the eye;
 But when the touch the nervous network spreads
 Fine as th' aërial spider's filmy threads,
 When to the light the rolling eyeball turns,
 When the moist tongue the nurt'ring food discerns,
 When the stun'd babe starts from the stranger sound,
 That vibrates on the nerves sonorous round;

Or

Or, when a mother's accent strikes the ear,
 Bends his soft neck each whisper'd note to hear;
 Or when the organs of the smell inhale
 The fine effluvia of the passing gale,
 Shrink from the pain the noxious vapours bring,
 Or open to the fragrance of the spring;
 The passive soul the mix'd impression takes,
 The ideas kindle as each sense awakes.
 To the dull scenes of the substantial earth
 The shadowy broods of fancy owe their birth,
 And from material images combin'd
 Works the creative energy of mind:
 Hence, or the habit of prevailing thought,
 Or finer sense with keen perception fraught,
 Directs the genius with superior sway,
 Touch'd by its impulse moves the muscles play,
 Its plastic pow'r the feeling fibres own,
 And the nerves swell in sympathetic tone.
 O bid me not with speculation vain
 Trace the first link that forms the mental chain;

Mark where in life's strong colouring pourtray'd
 The soul first caught those hues that never fade;
 Why thoughts peculiar strike upon the mind,
 And the man grows distinguish'd from mankind!
 Lost in the search, enquiry vainly strays,
 And darkling error runs round folly's maze.
 Unable to explain the secret laws,
 And fathom to the depth profound the cause,
 Such rash attempts erst led the boastful sage
 To study man in heav'n's illumin'd page,
 And from the lucid orb and starry scroll
 Deduce the inclination of the soul.
 Around one point harmonious nature ran,
 Sole guide and center of the circle man;
 The natal hour his lot of life controll'd,
 To mark his fate presiding planets roll'd:
 Did high ambition wake the wish to rise,
Jove at his birth shone regent of the skies!
 On the sad soul did melancholy weigh,
 Saturn's dull flame had faintly warm'd the clay;

'Twas

'Twas *Mars*' ascendant fir'd the warrior's blood,
 From *Mercury* wit and elocution flow'd;
 And *Venus*, radiant from the realms above,
 Illum'd the infant with the light of love.
 These dreams are fled, but other dreams arise,
 And visionary phantoms lure the wise:
 There are, who with the compass and the line
 The measur'd limits of the mind define;
 Who, ere upon the front stand forth confess
 The marks by time's deep signature impress,
 View in the forming scull the talents wrought,
 And from its matrix force the embryo thought;
 Explore, where brooding in the bony cells,
Bacon's deep sense, or *Shakespear*'s genius dwells;
 Where, yet a cradled babe, some statesman lies,
 Artful as *Walsingham*, as *Burleigh* wise;
 They deem, that as the flowing water glides
 Where'er the channel'd path the current guides,
 Thus govern'd by the scull's peculiar make
 The ductile minds their inclination take.

Can then the dust and perishable earth
 Mould in their mass the intellectual birth,
 O'er different talents stated forms preside,
 And in the same to varying branches guide?
 Hence did immortal *Homer* forceful roll
 The peal of epic thunder on the soul;
 A melting *Sappho* languish on the lyre,
Tyrtæus' warmth relumè the Spartan fire;
Anacreon sing with wreaths of roses crown'd,
 And the sweet *Dorian* breathe the past'ral sound?
 Oh! who of mortal knowledge shall pretend
 To mark man's destination and his end?
 Who like the potter range each plastic frame,
 And on the vase its future use proclaim?
 " This made of grosser dust and meaner clay,
 " Form'd but to serve, and fashion'd to obey;
 " To this choice vessel grace and glory given,
 " This set by holy hands apart for heaven."
 The mind is no mechanic organ wound
 Blindly to move in regulated round,

But

But like a kindly foil, dispos'd to feed
 With genial juices each entrusted feed.
 If general culture had its pow'rs improv'd,
 If o'er the kindling sparks ambition mov'd;
 Had keen necessity her whetstone join'd,
 Sharp'ning the spirit to the work assign'd;
 Perhaps the force creative that imparts
 A soul to all the imitative arts,
 Now clothes the poet's thoughts in words of fire,
 Now strikes the nerve of feeling on the lyre;
 To sculptur'd forms the breath of life supplies,
 And bids the passions from the canvas rise;
 Had with like pow'r the reins of empire held,
 The car of conquest to the war impell'd;
 With philosophic ken the world explor'd,
 And turn'd suspended senates by a word.

Man is one perfect piece, whose spring the soul
 Moves through the mass, and regulates the whole;

A a

With

With equal force its vital vigour spread
 Feels in the heart, and reasons in the head;
 And hence its frequent touch, and constant aim,
 Moulds to its bent the sympathetic frame;
 Upon the yielding muscles of the face
 Leaves by repeated use a lasting trace;
 May gradually mark the solid bone,
 As ceaseless fall of water frets the stone:
 Thus the form'd features rise distinctly bold,
 Cast in peculiar shape and settled mould;
 The soul, by outward shew defin'd, impart,
 And mark the face, the comment of the heart.

Behold *Locke's* front, and reason's depth discern,
 View humour tittering in the smile of *Sterne*;
 In thine sarcastic irony *Voltaire*,
 Genius and truth imprest on *Newton's* air;
 On *Cromwell's* bolder brow ambition seen,
 And sorrow's soft'ning touch on *Stuart's* mien.

Where'er

Where'er the fountain gushes into day,
 The springs the nature of the soil betray;
 In the blue wave the latent minerals gleam,
 And hidden pyrites heat the bubbling stream;
 Thus on the face the passions fix their seal,
 And all the secrets of the breast reveal:
 When sentiment is action, thought desire,
 The spirits kindle, and the heart's on fire,
 The strong expressions, bursting all controul,
 Cast forth in high relief the featur'd soul:
 Now wonder elevates the open brow,
 Breathing revenge, th' expanded nostrils glow;
 Love his warm wish in mantling blushes speaks,
 Wan jealousy corrodes the canker'd cheeks;
 In wild perturbed features guilt display'd,
 Calm innocence in placid charms array'd;
 Scorn on the lips ill hid by laughter lies,
 And folly rolls around her vacant eyes.

Yet

Yet boast not man with speculative art,
 To trace at will each winding of the heart!
 Now prejudice close peers with partial glafs,
 Fictitious dyes veil the deceitful mafs;
 Now fix'd averfion's microfcopic eyes
 Enlarge the failings to unnatural fize;
 Revers'd by love the tube a fcene difplays,
 Where the dim blemifh gradually decays,
 Till loft by diftance every fpot retires,
 While every beauty glows with fancied fires:
 As wild opinion's ftrong prifmatic hues
 Their various colours all around diffufe,
 The view cameleon fhifts at every turn,
 And all, the feparate tints they give, difcern.

O! if, when errors ftain the faireft plan,
 And imperfections mark the lot of man,
 Forgetful of his nature and his ftate,
 No foft compaffion fmooth the brow of hate;

If

If casting on the world a Stoic's view,
 Thou give to weakness what is vice's due;
 Fly the rash study, tempt not the pursuit,
 The tree of knowledge bears a deadly fruit:
 But if congenial to thy liberal mind,
 The science, with the love, of human kind;
 If thou canst pity frailties never felt,
 And, firm thyself, for others failings melt,
 Through passion's sea dart the unclouded eye,
 And pearls beneath a troubled surface spy;
 Search the soul's depth, each latent gem produce,
 And estimate its value by its use.

F I N I S.

I have not yet been able to give to the world a more than a faint idea of the contents of the book. It is a study of knowledge in a double sense.

The first part of the book is devoted to the study of the human mind.

The second part of the book is devoted to the study of the human body.

The third part of the book is devoted to the study of the human soul.

E R R A T A.

Page 11, line 6 *read* Sewrs for Seers.
29, 2 Newegal for Neivegal.
37, 16 Casts for Cast.
58, 12 Penmaen-maur for Penmeanmaur.
81, 2 *ἐμὰδῖν* for *ἐμὰλῖν*

5

